

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.

2



THE GORILLA AND HIS PREY.

—from the Statue by Fremiet.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 12th, 1890.—No. 675.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE IS A newspaper story now on its travels which ought to be interesting reading for Republicans. It tells of Mr. Thomas Alva Edison's first invention. This was an automatic register of votes, for the use of legislative bodies. It was constructed on the principle of a hotel annunciator. It stood behind the Speaker's desk, and wires connected it with the members' desks. A member recorded his vote by pressing a key or button. Mr. Edison made his model and repaired promptly to Washington, where he sought out an astute and experienced legislator, and set to work to convince the statesman that his invention was just what the Congress of the United States wanted. The statesman astonished him.

"Young man," he said, "it is just what Congress *does* n't want. Our present system of voting may be cumbrous and slow, but it affords the minority its only chance of making a fight and getting any fair representative power. So the minority *does* n't want it. And the majority *does* n't want it, because it knows that it may be a minority in its turn, and then it will have put a weapon in its enemy's hands against which it can make no resistance. Young man, take your machine home. It is just what we *don't* want." Mr. Edison took his machine home.

We do not know who that astute and experienced legislator was. Perhaps it was Mr. Thomas B. Reed—for those were undoubtedly the opinions which Mr. Thomas B. Reed held up to the time of his election as Speaker of the House of Representatives. They were the views of the men most prominent in his party—of Mr. James G. Blaine, for example. That we have so lately seen him exercising a bold and brutal tyranny, denying the rights of the minority, ruthlessly applying the legislative gag, overturning all tradition and precedent to extend his authority, without even the color of law and reason—that we have seen him putting his party into this attitude of reckless inconsistency is not strange. It is hard to know where to find a Republican nowadays whose political views are consistent with those which he held half a dozen years ago, and the case of Mr. Reed is only one instance and illustration of the desperate madness which has come upon the leaders of his party.

The Republican party is fighting like a boxer who feels his strength going, and who resorts to foul hitting, to clinching and wrestling and any desperate expedient of foul play to turn the fight in his favor—careless of the fact that he invites and almost justifies a like unfairness on the part of his antagonist, careless of the fact that he loses the sympathy of the spectators, careless of the fact that he destroys his reputation for courage and endurance. Of course this is folly—stupidity—rank madness indeed. And of course it brings its own punishment in the end.

A Democratic candidate for Congress could not go before the public with a better plea in his own behalf than that which the conduct of the Republican congressmen and their Speaker can not fail to suggest. "Elect me," the Democrat may say, "unless you wish to see the House of Representatives the seat of a despotism which no power of law can shake. Elect me, unless you wish to see established in the popular house of Congress a permanent government of the Speaker, by the Speaker and for the Speaker." Here he has an argument that appeals to every Republican who is not utterly blinded by partisan prejudice. No man who has any idea of the value and the responsibility of his citizenship can wish to see a precedent established that practically wipes out minority representation. No man who is not a fool can wish to buy a year or two more of power for his chosen party at this exorbitant and absurd price. No man who reasons for himself will consent to make a bargain with despotism, any more than he would consent to make a bargain with anarchy.

But, as we have said, Mr. Reed's intolerable aggression is only one manifestation of an insane desperation that is driving his party's managers into extravagances of every sort. What could be more desperately unwise than the attempt to make the negro question a political issue for the next campaign? It is little the Republicans in office care that to make their fight on this line is to stir up sectional hatred, and to threaten the

integrity of the nation. They care not the turn of a copper for the conservation of a common patriotism among the states. They want office, and they are willing to get it at any cost to the people. Nothing would please them better than to goad some Southern state into futile mutiny against federal interference. It would give them a new lease of political life, and they would trade for another generation on their reputation for suppressing Southern disloyalty.

Yet they might be expected to see the utter unwisdom of raising a question which the best men of their party, in soberer times, have handled with gingerly care. That question once raised, it must be fully discussed, and when the whole country is informed how the South has suffered under the domination of a mass of ignorant, irresponsible, superstitious negro voters, blindly obeying the orders of the Republican party, the exposure will bring no credit to that party, and do it no good with the people. Do the Republicans want to have the whole story of the last election in Virginia told in all its shameful detail? Do they want to have the long series of stories told that will reveal the subjection of the will of the people to federal tyranny and an ignorant vote influenced by the basest means to the basest ends? Is not this latest device of theirs the last invention of madness at bay?

But it is madness with the Republicans—madness all along the line. Here, in New York, the acknowledged dictator of the party has offered an affront to the people such as no politician has yet dared to put upon them. Holding his Senate at Albany under his lash, Boss Platt has informed the people of the state that they can not have the World's Fair for which they were preparing, unless they have it under the control of his creatures. What audacity—what ignorant, blind, besotted impudence can surpass this? What was Tweed's famous defiance to this? And he selects for his exhibition of cynical tyranny an occasion when even Tammany Hall, the most hide-bound political organization that ever ruled a city, has had the discretion and broad-mindedness to refrain from introducing politics into a scheme calculated to benefit, and materially benefit, not only the city of New York, but the whole state, and, in some measure, every state in the Union! And so, from Mr. Reed down to Mr. Platt, the recklessness of men who see their time of success drawing to an end has seized upon the Republican leaders. If there are any brains in the managers of the Democratic party, that end is not far off.

In Puck's double-page cartoon this week, Mr. Manley, of Augusta, figures among a lot of anti-ballot reformers who are holding up a standard inscribed, "Down with Ballot Reform!" Puck is wrong. Mr. Manley is on the other side of the house. He said only the other day, "I am heartily in favor of the Australian system. It is coming just as sure as we live." Puck should apologize.—Portland Advertiser.

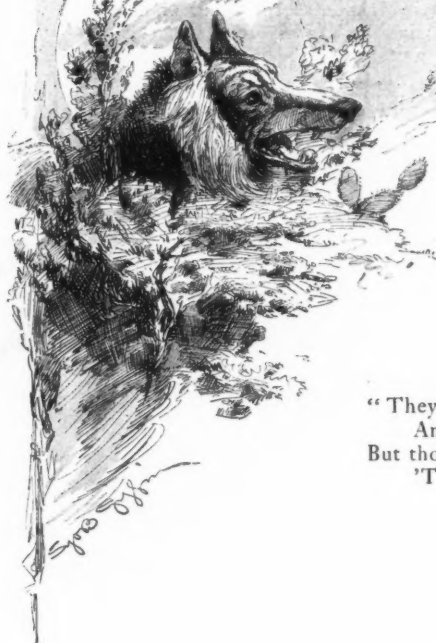
Puck apologizes, but with sincere regret. His faith in the Australian ballot system is shaken. It seemed to work well in Boston and elsewhere. But if Joe Manley wants it, he *must* know a way to "beat" it.



FEMALE DIPLOMACY.

MR. GOWING. — May I escort you home, Miss Cumming?
MISS CUMMING. — I promised Ma I would not allow any one to walk home with me—but here comes a car.

Miss Rabbit's Valentine



"DEAR PUSS:

I roam the sage-brush through,
To the cold moon my sorrows plaining:
My ribs attest my want of you,
And mock, with rib-bald lines, my waning.

"Oh, draw anear your suitor wan —
Draw two ears, if it suits you better —
And, further, draw a check upon
This bank-rupt man to whom I'm debtor

"I need not say I love you so,
My passion takes you in completely —
Down to the snowy furbelow
That sets your ulster off so neatly.

"They say a rabbit's foot is luck —
And I believe it, on my soul, dear!
But though upon that charm I'm stuck,
'T is luckier still to have you whole, dear.

"If you love me as I love you —
I'd tilt, for you, with Don Quixote —
A single hide will hold us two!
Your carnivallentine,
Coyote."

Chas. F. Lummis.



BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN

On Christian Science and Cockroaches.

OCH, Mollie Moriarty, I've been havin' the quare iksparyincis since yiz hurrud from me, an' if I'd known how it wud be whin I lift ould Oireland, I'd nivir have sit fut intil this coontry befor landin'. Me prisint mistriss that I had befor the lasht wan is a discoiple av a new koind av relijan called Christian Soience. She's been afther takin' a soocission av coorsis av coolchur, (I belave that's fwat they call it,) an' indid oop wid this Christian Soience. I've hurrud her talkin' wid the other ladies about moind an' matther, an' as will as I can undhershtand, Christian Soience manes that ivery thing is all moind an' no matther, or all matther an' nivir moind, an' that iverywan's nobody, an' ivery thing's nothing ilse. The mistriss ses there's no disase nor throoble, an' no nade av physic; nivirthiliss, whin she dishcoovered cockroaches intil the pantry, she sint me out wid the money to buy an iksterminatin' powdher. Thinks I to mesilf, "I'll give thim roaches a dose av Christian Soience, or fwat the ladies call an 'absint thratemint.'" So I fixed the powers av me moind on the middlesoom craythers an' shpint the money till me own binifit. Afther a few days the mistriss goes intil the pantry, an' foinds thim roaches roon-in' 'round as if they'd nivir been kilt at all. I throied to iksplain, but wid the inconsistency av her six she would n't listhin till a worrud, but ses I was addin' impertinence to desavin'. So I'm afther lookin' fur a place, an' if yiz know av any lady widout notions that do be bewildherin' to me moind, address,

Miss Bridget O'Flannagan,
Post Office,
Ameriky.

M. Bouchier.

BETTER BE GOOD than great. You'll have less competition. The latter business is overdone.

GASTRONOMY ON THE BOWERY.

"Gimme a ham-sandwich!" shouted the guest at the dime lunch-counter. Two seconds later he complained to the attendant. "That was the worst sandwich I ever had. No more taste than sawdust, and not big enough to see."

"You've et yer check," returned the attendant, contemptuously; "this here's yer ham-san'wich."



A JOURNALISTIC SLIP.

EXCHANGE EDITOR.—Well, well! I see the man who wrote so many funny things for the *Hayseed Chronicle* is dead.

OBITUARY EDITOR.—Dead? I should say so; he's been dead ten years.

EXCHANGE EDITOR.—Well, by Gum! And here I've been quoting local news from the *Chronicle* all this time, thinking they were jokes.

THE DEVIL'S AUCTION works off a good many second-hand "goods."

WHY do the heathen rage? Well, the missionaries are n't exactly soothing in their weather predictions, for one thing, and then the clothes that are sent out in the mission-boxes are mostly of a cut that would exasperate the least dudish savage that ever existed. No man can be truly religious in a pair of trousers made by a lady amateur, however sincere may be her motives.

A SMART SCHOOL-BOY has defined the word "Dormitory" as a place where you try to sleep, and can't.

AN ELECTRIC PIANO has been invented. If all its wires are live ones, we may hope for a decrease of the annual crop of pianists.

WOULD N'T IT BE better to say "cold as blazers!" gentlemen, in this Winter weather?

CHEAP BUT EFFECTIVE.

MISS GOLDIE LOCKE.—How can I thank you for this magnificent valentine?
MR. WILL GERTHIE.—You can't; I did n't send it. These paltry rhymes would ill express the passionate love which I—
(And when the sender calls a little later, MISS LOCKE is engaged—in both senses.)

THE HAPPY BEGINNER.

RIGHT UP to his eyes he is wrapped in a muffler
That's tied in a knot at the small of his back,
Against the sharp wind he's a vigorous scuffer,
Who many a "spider" leaves etched in his track.

What cares he for winds, though they fendishly bluster,
And see him about on the ice roughly rolled!
Only feelings of joy in his heart sweetly cluster,
While he blows on his fingers empurpled with cold.

Serenely old Gray Beard of sixty Decembers
While watching the boy in a brief hour put
A vacation of fun, in his vision remembers
The raptures of learning to skate on one foot.

R. K. M.

HIS FIRST PATIENT.

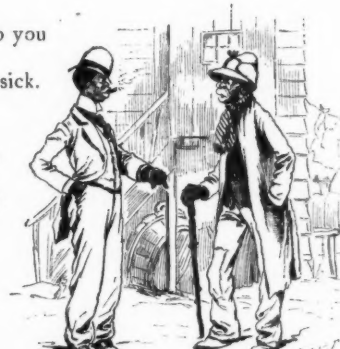
SYMPATHETIC STRANGER.—Why do you weep?

YOUNG DOCTOR.—For joy—I'm sick.

DISCRIMINATION.

BILL.—What's the matter with the teacher?

BOB.—Oh, some of the boys sent her nice valentines, and some sent comic ones, and she's trying to find out which is switch.



WARM WINTER SUITS—Everybody but the Coal Man.

AFTER PRAYERFUL CONSIDERATION—The Drunkard Who Speaks in Meeting.

CORRECT.

JIMSON.—I kain't see, Br'er Simmons, how yo' always manages to mak' bofe ends meet. I kain't!
Br'er Simmons.—Ah, Br'er Jimson, dat's 'cause yo' spreads yo' ends too far apart. Don't spread, chile, an' be happy.

ONE STORY AND ABASEMENT—The Modern Sensational Novel.

A CERTAIN PLACE is said to be paved with good resolutions. As they are broken so often, the region must look a good deal like Broadway.

THE UMBRELLA is a born pugilist. When it is up, it catches you in the eye; and when it is down, it gives you a jab in the stomach.



A BLOW AT DUDISHNESS.

BRANIGAN.—Will yez hould wan o' th' bundles, dar-r-rlin', 'till Oi aise me mout'?

MRS. BRANIGAN.—Oi 'll not! Av yez 'll lug shyle wid a cane, yez 'll lug it alone.

A DEFINITION THAT DOES N'T DEFINE.



THE ATTENTION of the Superintendent, the Committee, the Judges, and the patrons, too, of the Fourteenth Annual Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, being at this present held in the American Institute, is invited to a dictionary definition that does n't define.

It is by Johnson, in his "Modernized and Epitomized English Dictionary," edited and compiled by Alex. Charles Ewald, F. S. A., as follows:

HYENA. A quadruped about the size of a dog.

Which one of your pets, gentlemen, is it that's about the size of a hyena? Is it the magnificent Siberian blood-hound? the mastiff? the noble Newfoundland? the Saint Bernard? the affectionate and sagacious setter? the great Dane? the knowing collie? the frisky Skye?

the sedate poodle? the pointer? the spaniel? the bulldog? the greyhound? or the diminutive and spindle-legged terrier? What, think you, is "about the size of a dog," any how?

But let's not take Johnson and Ewald too seriously—let's simply thank them for showing us how easy it is after all to invent, edit and compile a dictionary.

Here's the key that turns the lock that opens the door that ushers us all into the realms of the dictionary-smith—even though we had been from the day of our birth, and our father's fathers before us, diggers of wells and prospectors, one and all, for buried gas-pipes and decayed cobble-stones.

HORSE. A quadruped about the size of a cow.

COW. A quadruped about the size of a horse.

ELEPHANT. A quadruped about twice or thrice the size of a stunted Rhinoceros.

RHINOCEROS. (See definition for ELEPHANT.)

TIGER. A quadruped of the cat family, about thirty-seven times the size of the Tabby. The comparative size of its wail, however, is not so large by several sizes as the domesticated hack-fence felines wail.

DEFINITION. An obsolete word with no known equivalent in the Johnson-Ewald vocabulary.

That's about the size of it.

B. Zim.

NATURALLY.

"I hear some fellows tried to bunco Russell Harrison the other day."

"What could they have been thinking about?"

"Took him for a case of *Russ in urbe*."



CRUSTY TRUTH.

MRS. TAINER.—And j-j-just think, doctor, I had arranged an "at home" for to-day.

DOCTOR BOLENS (a bear).—Well, you're here, are n't yer?

DIVERS DIALOGUES.

ALL DOUBTS CLEARED AWAY.

EDITH.—Just look at this lovely valentine I received this morning.
MAUD.—Why, that 's just *exactly* like one I got.

(And then both are happy, since they are not rivals. { JACK } would never think of sending duplicates to both.)



HEADED OFF.

BUNKER STEERS.—What, can this be my friend —?

SQUIRE VERIBLE.—Yes, an' I'm the President of the Squeehawkit Bank that you're the son of! Want anything more, Sonny?

OVER TO BROOKLYN.

STATUE OF LIBERTY.—Where did you go last Sunday?

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—Oh, I had my span out.

THAT RACE PROBLEM.

KIDDER.—I see that Ingalls advises the South to try Justice.

PEABODY.—Why, what crime has Justice committed there?

OVERHEARD IN A BOOK STORE.

"Have you Marie Batshirtskoff's Memoirs?"

"Have you a little book by Marie Skirtbatsoff?"

"I want a copy Bafskirtsoff's Reminiscences."

"Have you a little volume bound in white by a Russian girl? I have forgotten just what her name was."

"Can you send me that Boffcatshirtz girl's diary?"

"Say, what have you got that's new in Russian literature?"

And yet a few hours of close study reveals the fact that Bashkirtseff is not very hard to pronounce.

THE POET'S VALENTINE.

The verses I sent her welled over with bliss,
And I was well paid, you'll agree;
For while the dear maiden gave me a kiss,
The editor gave me a V.

THERE IS great rejoicing among the Brown-ing Societies. Now that the poet is dead, there is no danger that any of the vexed questions will ever be settled.

SOME FOLK complain of human injustice;
but who has n't said in the last year,
"The World's Fair?"

BOULANGER FINDS "the bitter bread of banishment" a French rôle.

IF YOU WANT to see the beauties of a war tariff, watch the champion of such a tariff when he goes abroad, and keep an account of the clothes he buys before returning home.

SHAFTO SAYS the only horse that is safe to drive in these days of runaway electric wires is the fusible plug.

CHICAGO MAY BRAG as much as she pleases, but the Sun will continue to rise in the East. This is rough on the great Lake City, but she must grin and bear it.

AN INTERNATIONAL copyright law would not prevent our cane-sucking idiots from appropriating the pose and accent of certain swell idiots of the old country.

AS A NEW RULE for our National House, we suggest that a copy of the old rules be pasted over each member's mouth, and kept there during every session.



THE MERCIFUL BOY.

THE INFANT.—Say! Ken I hitch on?

BOBBY BONNER.—Naw; d'ye s'pose I want Homer all stove up?

THE PROFESSIONAL MARGIN.

"Want to build a \$5,000 house?" said the architect; "certainly, sir. James, hand me down that book of \$5,000 plans."

"You mistake me," interrupted his visitor; "I said I had just \$5,000 to spend on a house."

"Ah, yes," said the architect, "I see, James, hand me down the book of \$3,500 houses."

THE BACHELOR'S VALENTINE.

Though it's a foolish whim of mine,
Which I should be above;
I like to send a valentine
To the girl I used to love.

AN INSANE PROHIBITIONIST has attempted to further his cause by assassinating a Bishop. These cranks are allowed in some States to confiscate property, but happily they have not yet legal authority to commit murder.

EVIDENCES of a Christian spirit are disappearing in New York. The man who sprinkles saw-dust on his sidewalk has had no chance to do so this Winter.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

OFFICER TULLY.—Sure, thot felly has me woild wid the aise an' the luxury av him; he do be takin' a drink ivery toime Oi'm passin' the house, the whole avenin'!



INVALID.—A wine-glassful every half hour, the doctor said. I wonder how much longer it will be before the horrible stuff either kills me or cures me!

A VALENTINE'S DAY.



THE WORLD is full of tender dreams,
Of fancies fair
That come and go, like sunny gleams
In wintry air.

Young hearts are on the wing — I mean
In postman's bag,
'Neath his protecting arm, unseen,
They sway and wag.

At doors beloved they pause and give
Themselves away;
Wherever Youth's dear dimples live,
They knock and stay.

In perfumed envelopes they glide
From place to place —
In dainty boxes, too, they hide
'Neath flowers and lace.

Young hearts! But hearts much older grown
Still keep the day,
And mine, Sweetheart, I frankly own,
Has gone *your* way —

Worn, faded, scarred by many a flame,
Yet — still in line —
Hoping to get there all the same,
My Valentine!

Madeline S. Bridges.

THE SHOES THEY WEAR.

Lige Halford has great difficulty in wearing the shoes of Dan Lamont.
General Boulanger, as a statesman, wore running shoes. Lord Wolseley, as a soldier, did the same.

A pair of three-dollar shoes lasts Rutherford B. Hayes twenty-three years, and is still good to shoo hens out of the garden with.

Jay Gould wears rubbers most of the time when manipulating his stocks.

Tom Reed wears Congress gaiters, and Foraker's shoes have long tongues.

Elliot F. Shepard wears button-shoes with an immaculate soul.

Mr. Gladstone has gone into Brogans as a compliment to Ireland.

Henry Irving can not strike his *Hamlet* gait without his patent slippers, which are four sizes too small for him.

Sadi-Carnot wears French boots with manifestos.

John L. Sullivan pays more attention to socks than to boots.

President Harrison wears laced shoes with vetoes.

Susan B. Anthony's boots are straight-laced; but owing to the lady's Prohibition scruples they are never tight.

Several gentlemen have endeavored to wear the shoes of Lincoln, with indifferent success.

The Mugwumps kick so much with their tongues and pens that they have become indifferent to the quality of their foot-gear.

Russell Sage wears pumps for the same reason that Jay Gould wears rubbers.

The King of Dahomey does not wear shoes, but he puts a pair of sole leather trunks on every morning when he gets up.

Chauncey M. Depew travels on a free pass, and does n't need shoes.

Ward MacAllister wears a number three sole with the upper 10.

"IN THE 'FOUR HUNDRED' AND OUT" —
Gall and Brains, respectively.



DIGNITY KEPT UP.

MRS. DE COOT'S COACHMAN (*with a day off*). —
Mor-r-nin' to yez, Larry.

MRS. HAUTER'S COACHMAN (*on his box*). —
Shake that, Tim. Th' Missus do be comin' out th' dure.



WESTCHESTER ART.

FARMER PURDY. — I ain't much on readin' an' writin', but I'll bet them blamed red-jacketed fox-hunters'll understand that that sign's d'rogatory.

OBVIOUS OR NOT?

CASWELL. — I see the Emperor of Germany says that Peace is Patent.

MASSEY. — Well, he wants to be mighty careful the Patent does n't expire.

THE MODERN VERSION.

CROSSE (*wrathfully*). — I wonder who could have sent me this abominable Valentine!

BLACKWELL. — A friend; most likely.

CROSSE. — Why a friend?

BLACKWELL. — Because "A friend should bare a friend's infirmities."

IT SURELY IS N'T ACCEPTING.

"Is Prohibition declining?"

"Well, I should smile."

TO "G. A. E."

On Reading His Verses in PUCK No. 667.

WHILE "G. A. E." goes piling high
His store of Pucks so dear,
And feasts his mind, as well as eye,
On humor crisp and clear —

He does not see Puck's highest aim —
To make our cares seem lighter,
And lift the thoughts of sick and lame
To subjects so much brighter!

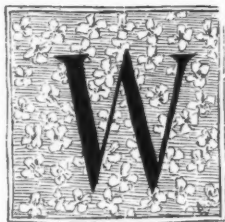
The hospitals I deem the place,
To send our darling to,
Where it will brighten many a face
As only it can do!

Then do not think of your own loss,
But think of others' gain;
The easing of a heavy cross,
The softening of pain!

G. G. F.

HENRY JAMES expresses much wonder at "the failure of caricature to achieve, as yet, a high destiny in America." Some of Mr. James's relatives ought to write to him once in a while, and keep him posted as to things that are going on in this country.

WISE SAYINGS ADAPTED FOR THE TIMES.



WHEN MEN grow virtuous in their old age, they are merely thinking of running for the Presidency. — *Swift*.

A SLAVE HAS but one master; the ambitious politician has many. — *La Bruyère*.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one can not subsequently raise the ante high enough to please him. — *La Bruyère*.

FEW PEOPLE know how to be old. — And even they don't want to. — *La Rochefoucauld*.

THE CONTEMPLATION of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs. That's what makes a fly-catching base-ball player hold his head so high in the Winter season. — *Cicero*.

AUTHORS HAVE not always the power or habit of throwing their talents into conversation. Some of them stutter. — *Sir Egerton Brydges*.

THE SOCIETY of dead authors has this advantage over that of the living: they can not tell us how much better their next books are to be than any they ever wrote before. — *Colton*.

BEAUTY LIVES with kindness. Kindness buys her sealskins and opera boxes. — *Shakspeare*.

NEVER BUILD after you are five-and-forty; go down to the Exchange and speculate. — *Bett*.

THOSE PASSIONATE PERSONS who carry their hearts in their mouth are rather to be pitied than feared. Suppose they should swallow? — *Fuller*.

THE ULTIMATE TENDENCY of civilization is toward the World's Fair in New York in 1892. — *Hare*.

TRUST not him that hath once broken faith with the Brotherhood and signed a League contract. — *Shakspeare*.

BE THOU as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape the Grip. — *Shakspeare*.

A SWEET MISS.

Mama Mr. preserves one day,
"I 8 'em," her little boy said.
"Why, Peter," said Mama, "what 4?"
And then she St. Peter to bed.

SPEAKING OF NEPOTISM, surplus-bursting, and other bad policies, we will say that Benjamin Harrison is a man for all that.



A BAD BREAK.

FOND MOTHER. — This is your Aunt Polly, my dear, of whom I have spoken so often.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (on his first visit, at loss for the proper thing to say). — Does Aunt Polly want a cracker?

POWER OF ATTORNEY.

He clapped a mortgage on the farm,
Which was his pa's — John Baker's.
The old man viewed it with alarm,
And gnashed his few remaining acres.

IN VIEW of the astounding number of occurrences to the contrary, could n't some of the New York dailies make a great sensation by announcing that some woman had died a natural death in New Jersey?

IN CHOOSING their candidates for President, political parties should bear in mind that a very small man may have a very large family.

WHEN YOU see a coal-dealer shivering in his office, you may begin to believe his yarns about there being "no money in the business."



A LESSON.

ROSENBAUM (the elder). — My cracious, Abie; don't study so hardt, or you vill ruin your spegacles!

SEVENTY-TWO DAYS, six hours and ten minutes is very good time for a female; but the ordinary tramp manages to get around the world every day of his life.

THE SPEAKER is bound to Reed the proceedings of Congress. He is doing it with a vengeance now.

IF THE ASPIRATIONS of our boyhood had been achieved, there would be no complaint now about the scarcity of native American sailors.

THEY DO not shun the flowing bowl in Maine; they only prohibition it.

WE OFTEN HEAR of a Congressman being out of order. He can pair himself better than he can repair himself.

A NEW TENANT FROM CHICAGO.

"Good morning, Mrs. Murphy; have you —"

"Stop right where you are, Mrs. Burns! I am onto you wid a smile. You never lived near enough to the 'arth to spring the likes of that on me. I don't use soap in the morning, Mrs. Burns; nor do I save me wrappers; or wear the three-dollar shoe; or eat A. B. C.; or take a hundred doses for a dollar; but when the likes of you tries to guy me so early in the morning, you had better drink 'cookoo' for your supper!"

FROM A KENTUCKIAN.

St. Valentine to-day thee greets
With this little token,
From a heart that for thee beats
With a love unspoken.

M. A. C.





THE LAST GUN OF



IN OF THEIR BATTERY.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HUMORIST.



EXTRACTS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS OF BILL MILDEW,
PROFESSIONAL HUMORIST.

At 15. — Influenced by a German Professor and a Few Easy Lessons in Metaphysics. In Pursuit of the Unfindoutable.

AND WHAT, after all, is to be the end of this life whose mystery we shall never know? Well did the poet of ancient heathen days exclaim: "*Arma virumque cano!*" He was like many modern writers, thinking more of deeds of arms than of the mind. He sang of the prowess of the great warriors of early days, and of their splendid achievements.

But, as he sang, did he have no thought of the dominant influence of mind over matter? Why did he not sing of what he would have called in his own pellucid tongue, "*Mentis Imperium?*" Why

did he leave no record behind him of the vast mental powers of his day, to which Rome owed its final subjugation?

It remained for the great Fenelon to say, after the world had waited hundreds of years for his utterance: "*Calyso ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse.*" Even at that comparatively advanced stage of history, men, and women, too, were thinking more of physical prowess than of the great attainments of thought and culture which should have claimed their attention.

Even Cicero, when he hurled his fiercest invective against Cataline, demanded, in tones of fervid eloquence, how long he intended to abuse the patience of the Roman senate.

It behooves us, whose minds and pens are perhaps destined to wield a mighty influence throughout this broad land, to remember that intellect is, after all, bound to assert its sway.

At 19. — Influenced by "*St. Elmo*," "*Guerndale*," blighted affections and a general desire to Portray Himself as he would like to appear. In pursuit of revenge.

St. George De Vere, despite his extraordinary intellectual gifts and rare personal charms, was not exactly a popular man. Beneath an outer crust of high-bred, haughty reserve, there lay a generous, noble nature; but this side of his character was revealed only to his intimate friends.

Women were irresistibly drawn toward him. There was a look of veiled tenderness in his dark eyes, a touch of sadness in the lines about his firm mouth, and a bitter cynicism in his speech that seemed to tell of some great and hidden sorrow. But of the nature of this secret grief none knew, for his was not a spirit that could either brook inquiry or speak of its deepest feelings.

It was late in the evening, and the guests at Vere Hall were chatting together in the oak parlor. St. George stood on the bear-skin rug in front of the great fire-place, as usual the centre of a group of women who crowded about him, listening to the bitter cynicisms which fell from his lips. On a divan near him sat Maude Beverley, apparently engrossed with the portfolio of rare engravings which rested on her knee. No one who saw her there that night would have dreamt what bitter feelings were astir beneath the filmy lace that rose and fell with every pulsation of her heart. There was only one thing that betrayed her feelings, and that was the flush which ever and anon crimsoned her cheek as she listened to the gay banter that went on around her.

St. George had a way—a trick, the envious ones declared—of throwing into his voice an exquisite shade of tenderness and feeling, which never failed in its effect on the woman for whom it was intended; and it was these wonderful tones that from time to time swept across the heart-strings of Maude Beverley, and brought the flush to her fair cheek, and the tremor to her proud lips.

And he, did he feel no pity for the woman whose heart he was so cruelly lacerating? None could tell. None could read the thoughts that were hidden by the mocking, cynical laugh, or guess that deeper passions were at work despite his apparent gayety.

WE CALL HIM "ANARCHIST."



My brave and terrible dog while he is chasing the neighbor's cat —



— And the same brave and terrible animal when he brings the cat to bay.

At 24. — Influenced by an affection as yet unblighted, and one or two novels of the modern analytical school. In pursuit of the ideal intellectual life.

Elvira smiled at the young man's frank avowal. It was a smile that told, almost as plainly as words, the sincere interest he had awakened in her heart. It was not the merry, innocent laugh of sunny girlhood, nor the more mellow hilarity of the matron. It was simply one of those rare smiles which became her so well, softening, as they did, the intellectual austerity of her face, and leading one to marvel that she indulged in them so seldom.

The smile was not lost upon Burnham, though he affected not to notice it. He was sitting in rather a negligent attitude, apparently engrossed in the contemplation of one of the once famous series of the "*Voyage of Life*," which hung on the wall before him. It was the one in which the voyager is represented as a youth standing on the prow of his boat, and gazing, undaunted, at the dark clouds of adversity and trouble which confront him.

"What are you thinking about?" demanded Elvira, suddenly.

"I am wondering," replied Burnham, "how such a conventional treatment of so great a subject could ever have commanded general attention. For example: why should clouds be made to represent difficulties and disaster? Why not take something tangible—something that we would really fear, and that could not be warded off by an umbrella or a waterproof coat?"

He was silent after this, and for a moment Elvira regarded him curiously. She may have felt a twinge of resentment and disappointment when she learned that he had been thinking of the picture instead of herself; but that feeling, if any such there were, was lost in one of admiration for the keen analytical qualities of a mind that could conceive such brilliant and subtle criticism.

"Don't you want I should show you the new pictures that were sent me yesterday?" she inquired, with a look of expectancy, and speaking in a tone full of the deepest significance. It was a way she had of uttering trivialities in a wonderfully effective manner.

Burnham was visibly moved, but at first he made no reply. For an instant he seemed lost in thought. Then, lifting his head from his elbow, he replied in slow, measured cadence: "Thank you."

At 30. — Influenced by column rates and their relation to comfort and luxury in the home. In pursuit of a living.

It was after one o'clock when Mr. McGuffin returned from what he facetiously termed his "*Lodge*." He was a trifle unsteady in his gait; so much so, in fact, that he mistook the doormat for a banana-peel, and, in his endeavors to find the key-hole of the door, executed a *pas seul* of such a complicated nature that he completely lost his balance and fell against the railing with a whoop of terror and anguish, which caused Mrs. McGuffin to open the window of her room and call out: "Is that you, Mr. McGuffin?"

"Yes," he replied meekly, and added: "I've lost my latch-key, so I wish you'd come down and let me in."

His better half muttered something of a very uncomplimentary nature, in a distinctly irascible tone, and then slammed the window and prepared to descend to his assistance.

But before she could put on her dressing-gown and grope her way down the dark staircase, her husband saw a sight calculated to cause dismay to the stoutest heart. A large Wil-

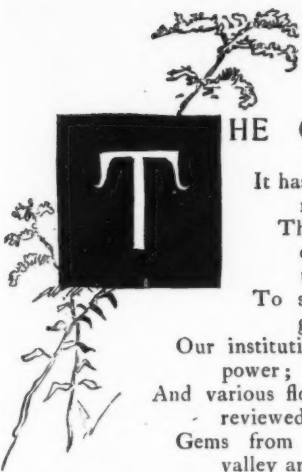
liam goat, which pastures in the fertile coal-yard adjacent to the McGuffin homestead, was enjoying a moonlight stroll in the street, and, suddenly beholding the swaying figure of the Lodge member mistook it in the darkness for some

strange animal. For a moment the goat paused irresolute on the curbstone; then, with a hoarse bray of anger, he charged up the steps, eager for the fray.

At this opportune moment Mrs. McGuffin opened the hall-door, and sternly requested her lord and master to "come in, and not keep me standing here all night!" The invitation was accepted—by the goat—and so suddenly that the good lady did not stand there more than four seconds after uttering it.

McGuffin heard a blood-curdling shriek—

J. L. Ford.



THE GOLDEN ROD'S CLAIM.

T It has been suggested recently
That our country
choose some national flower
To symbolize, in a graceful way,
Our institutions, place, and power;
And various flowers have been reviewed,
Gems from the mountain, valley and sod,
Till some one once by a lucky thought
Suggested the Golden Rod.
'T is Freedom's flower; for every leaf,
And every nodding tuft is free;
And in its golden wreaths behold
The clustered flags of victory!
Its forty branches, all erect,
Yield homage to the parent stem;
But each, like a proud commonwealth,
Wears its own golden diadem.
Along the roads, around the fields,
In country villages and lanes,
In lovers' haunts, by brook and cliff,
And peak and glen, it rules and reigns;
Wherever men may work and win,
Wherever conquering feet have trod,
O'er pathless wastes it blazes still—
The Imperial Golden Rod.
But not for these I sing to-day;
Such symbols are but lightly strung;
It sweeps o'er a grander parallel,
And claims its place with a clarion tongue:
The wild Hungarian o'er the sea,
"Ould Ireland" from his native sod,
The "Dagos," hail our beckoning wand,

Columbia's Golden Rod.
See how they pour across the wave!
There's work for every one to do—
They come to take your place, good friend,
For they can work for less than you.
And when next pay-day comes at the
"works,"
You'll cower beneath the master's nod
That sends your family homeless forth,
From under his Golden Rod.
A few pence saved on every man
Will pile the chests of the millionaire
With gold—vote early and then pass on,
You are one of the men to spare.
Wherever you go, whatever you do,
Whether you ride in a coach, or plod
Footsore along life's way, you'll find
All bow to the Golden Rod.
Corporate millions bank their wealth
To elect the men who will make your laws,
And the magistrates who will give them force—
Who banks for the People's cause?
"Combines," and Trusts, and Syndicates,
With plundered millions ride rough-shod
Over the people's rights—the lash
Cracks from their Golden Rod.
But a day of revolt will come at last
When the People's mighty pulse is stirred,
When the waves of righteous wrath run high
And the roar of an angry land is heard;
Monopoly with its plundered gold,
Bribery's court, Corruption's god,
Will be swept away by Avenging Wrath
With its flaming Golden Rod!

I. W. Heysinger.



A TRIBUTE TO WEIGHT.

MRS. BRUNOW. — You may order my carriage.
MICHAEL (who can't remember her name). — Let th' wan o' yez pfwhat
drives Norman horses come t' th' dure.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a
guarantee of its excellence.

Blair's Pills. — Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure
Prompt and Effective. Large Box 34; Small 14 Pills. At druggists. 743

IN Peace prepare for War!

GUARD AGAINST THE SUDDEN
CHANGES PREVALENT NOW, BY
USING

**FRED. BROWN'S
GINGER** * *
WITH HOT WATER AND SUGAR.

**DECKER
BROTHERS' PIANOS** 595
33 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK

The Finest and Best Razor in the World is:



Price, \$2.50.

THE

"FOX"

(5-12 size.)

in $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{4}{8}$, $\frac{5}{8}$, $\frac{6}{8}$, $\frac{7}{8}$ inch widths.

Full Hollow Ground and Warranted in every respect.
Sold by all the leading Cutlery and Hardware dealers;
on receipt of price mailed free to any address by the
manufacturers,

KOELLER & SCHMITZ CUTLERY CO.,
92 READE ST., NEW YORK.

DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT
TO SHAVE THEN TRY
AT ONCE

**COLGATE'S
SHAVING SOAP**

For sample send 2 cts. box 645, New York.

ELK, Moose, Buffalo, Sheep, Deer, Antelope, Bear, Lion and
Wolf Heads and Entire Animals, Snowy Owls, Eagles,
"Dead Game," White Pelican Fire Screens, Fur Rugs
with Mounted Heads, Sioux Relics. Send Stamp for
Photos and Description. Name Specimens wanted.
J. D. ALLEN, Taxidermist, MANDAN, N. D.

THE ONLY COMPLEXION

Powder in the world that is without vulgarity, with-
out injury to the user, and without doubt a beautifier,
is Pozzoni's.

MOUTH ORGAN CHART Teaches any one to **PLAY**
a tune in 10 minutes. Circulars free. **Agts. wanted. Music Novelty Co., Detroit, Mich.** 648

HORSEBACK RIDING in all its branches taught
under the personal supervision of **Herr Carl Antony**
at **Antony & Hunk's Academy**, 5th Ave. and 90th
St., N. Y. Choice Saddle and Carriage horses for sale.
Call and examine, or write for circulars. 699 *

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 286 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 Main Street.

Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, 6th Ave. and 19th St., New York, Importers and Retailers of Staple & Fancy DRY GOODS

Of every description. Lowest prices in America
consistent with the quality of the goods. Mail
orders promptly filled. Samples of Silks, Dress
Goods, Laces and Ribbons sent free on application.

On all prepaid orders amounting to \$25.00 and over
we deliver goods FREE (Cornices and Curtain Poles
excepted) to any part of the United States accessible by
mail or express. Goods will be sent by express unless
otherwise ordered.

SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON.

WILHELMSQUELLE (BLUE LABEL) KRONTHAL (RED LABEL)

Natural Mineral Waters

From the famous springs of **BAD KRONTHAL, TAUNUS, GERMANY.** Best of Table waters of great hygienic qualities.
For sale by all leading groceries, liquor dealers and druggists.

GALWEY & FELDMANN, NEW YORK,
SOLE AGENTS.

CAW'S Ink & Pen Co., 157 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



Crosse & Blackwell's FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR,

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE are two reasons why some people don't mind
their own business. One is, that they have n't any
mind. The other, that they have n't any business.—*Ex.*

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.
FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE
Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or
invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes
up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, sci-
entific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. In-
dorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergy-
men, editors and others now using it. Send
for illustrated circular, 40 cents, no charge. Prof.
D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal
Culture, 9 East 14th St., New York.

**INSTANTANEOUS
CHOCOLATE**
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF
EVERY THE AGE.
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANFS. PHILADELPHIA.

THE BEST DRESSED MAN.

DASHAWAY. — I think that Robinson is the
best dressed man I know.

CLEVERTON. — Is that so? What does he
wear?

DASHAWAY. — I never noticed.—*Clothier and
Furnisher.*

"The 'Angelus' cost \$210.66 2/3 a square
inch," says the *Chicago Times*. From a Chicago
standpoint, the above is the most elegant, elo-
quent and complete art criticism that could have
been written.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*



OF KLOSS & FOERSTER, FREYBURG.

Without exception the purest and best champagne.
The favorite of Kaiser Wilhelm II.

THOMSEN & CO.,
87 Wall Street, New York, Sole Agents.

An old New York policeman makes a living by waking people
up. John L. Sullivan makes a living by putting men asleep.—*Ex.*

WHAT IT BUYS

Namely, the money paid in premiums to

THE TRAVELERS

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

By over 100,000 Men each year.

THE PAYMENT OF

Over \$1,000,000 a Year (Claims on
One-Seventh of all Insured),

Over \$12,000,000 altogether,

Over \$550,000 a Year (in Death
Claims and Endowments),

Over \$5,500,000 altogether,

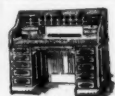
Under
ACCIDENT
Policies.

Under
LIFE
Policies.

STATEMENT FOR JAN. 1, 1890.

Assets,	- - - - -	\$11,528,649.30
Liabilities,	- - - - -	9,163,115.24
Surplus,	- - - - -	\$2,365,534.06

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres. RODNEY DENNIS, Sec'y. JOHN E. MORRIS, Asst. Sec'y.



DERBY DESKS
and FINE OFFICE FURNITURE.
JOHN M. TUFTS, 128 Fulton St.,
N. E. cor. Nassau. Send for Catalogue.



2D HAND BICYCLES
and all makes new, at lowest prices; easy payments. No
extra charge. Send for Catalogue and agents' terms.
ROUSE, HAZARD & CO., 66 G St., Peoria, Ill.

COLUMBIA CYCLES
FOR 1890
—ORDINARIES—
• LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S •
SAFETIES, TANDEM SAFETIES,
—TRICYCLES—
HIGHEST GRADE ONLY
LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
—SENT FREE—
POPE MFG. CO. 77 FRANKLIN ST. — 12 WARREN ST. — 291 WABASH AVE.
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Pocket Match Safe Free to Smokers of



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

THERE is hardly any man so friendless in this world that he
has n't at least one friend ready to tell him his faults.—*Ex.*



INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

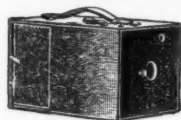
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

A NEW farce is called "Oysters." Let's all go and have a roar.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Most Perfect Made



The Montauk Camera.

Price, complete, covered
in Seal Leather, \$25.00.

Affords a pleasant pastime for all. It is designed for taking instantaneously objects in motion or stationary. Views, portraits, flash light pictures, etc. Sample photograph and descriptive circular will be mailed free on application to

G. CENNERT, Manufacturer,
54 East 10th Street, New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists,
London, England.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

"ANDERSON'S" TENNIS SUITINGS.

SILK STRIPE TENNIS SUITINGS,
FRENCH PRINTED FLANNELS,
EMBROIDERED PIQUES,
Tucked and Embroidered Mulls.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

ULLRICH'S FOUNTAIN PENS

are the best made. Hold ink for week's use. Price \$1.50 and upwards. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free.
J. C. ULLRICH & CO., 108 Liberty St., New York.

BIRTH AS A BOOMERANG.

SHE.—How inconsistent Mr. Snobden is! I've heard him say a hundred times that in choosing a wife a man should consider blood first. And now he's going to marry a woman of low birth.

HE.—Is that so? Who's the girl?

SHE.—His cousin.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

EDITORIAL DIGNITY.

SUB-EDITOR (*religious weekly*).—A funny idea came into my head, and I made a joke of it. Shall I print it?

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (*serenely*).—Certainly not, sir. It would be extremely undignified for us to make jokes. When you want to print jokes, steal 'em.—*New York Weekly.*

When troubled with a cough or cold use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents. Salvation Oil will do rheumatism more good than any high priced liniments. Price 25 cents.



"THE MARQUIS."

Directions "How to Order," prices, etc., mailed free, on application.

N. ESPENSCHIED,
NEW YORK.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED \$15 TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. CO. Makers of **Columbia Cycles**, Boston, New York, Chicago.

The Best Tonic for All Kidney Troubles.



SWAN GIN!

PRESCRIBED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS.
BOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND DEALERS.

THERE are a great many men who can tell you where they got that hat, but plagued few who can tell you where they got that umbrella.—*St. Joseph News.*

CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on bottom. If your dealer can not supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf Laced Grain and Goodmore Waterproof. Our claims for this shoe over all other \$3 shoes:

It contains better material. It is more stylish, better fitting, and durable. It gives better general satisfaction. Its great success is due to merit. It can not be duplicated by any other manufacturer. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other \$3 shoe advertised.

\$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.
Also \$5. \$4. \$3.50. \$2.50. \$2.25. \$2 shoes for Men; \$2 and \$1.75 shoes for Boys. \$2 and \$3 shoes for Ladies, and \$1.75 shoe for Misses.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Liebig Company's EXTRACT OF MEAT.

For improved and economic cookery, use it for Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes. In flavor—incomparable, and dissolves perfectly clear in water. Makes delicious Beef Tea and keeps in all climates for any length of time. 1 lb. equal to 40 lbs. of lean beef.

Only sort guaranteed genuine by Justus von Liebig and bears his signature in blue, thus:

Justus von Liebig

SANITAS Non-Poisonous Disinfectants

The Best Antiseptics and Deodorants known to science. Do not stain nor corrode. Fragrant.

KEEP YOUR HOMES HEALTHY AND FREE FROM SICKNESS BY USING "SANITAS."

FLUIDS, OIL, POWDERS, SOAPS

"Sanitas" is prepared from Essential Oil of Pine, and is a powerful air purifier. AT DRUGGISTS.

For Reports by Medical and Chemical Experts, prices in bulk, &c., apply to the Factory, 636-642 West 55th St., N. Y.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

SPRING OPENING

English, Scotch and French Dress Goods.

Novelties in Black Dress Goods,
French and Scotch Cottons,

Novelties in EMBROIDERIES,
China and Japan Silks
Representing the very Highest Qualities and the Richest
Printings of Lyons and England.

Novelties in White Muslins.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

A MAN who fails to use his second wife well does n't deserve to have lost his first one.—*Texas Siftings.*

COUGHS, SORE THROAT.

The highest medical authorities of the World prescribe and recommend the **SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES**, for Diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs, and also for Consumption.

"Your Soden Mineral Pastilles in gastro-duodenal indigestion serve an admirable purpose."

H. N. HEINEMANN, M. D.,
Prof. of Diseases of the Chest, to the New York Polyclinic and Hospital and to the Mt. Sinai Hospital.

Dr. BELCHER HYDE, Asst. Med. Examiner in New York, for the National and Union Mutual Life Ins. Co., used the Soden Mineral Pastilles with a patient suffering from an old troublesome cough, with very satisfactory results.

At all druggists at 25 and 50 cts. a box.

PAMPHLETS GRATIS ON APPLICATION.

Soden Mineral Springs Co., Limited,
15 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK.

CHOCOLATE MENIER

ASK FOR IT EVERYWHERE

NEW KODAKS



"You press the button,
we do the rest."

Seven new Styles and Sizes
ALL LOADED WITH Transparent Films.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

Send for Catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

NOT IN A CONFESSIOAL.

DIGNIFIED MAMA. — When that young man left you last night, I heard something which sounded like a kiss.

DIGNIFIED DAUGHTER. — Did you? How does a kiss sound, Mama? — *New York Weekly*.

CHECK-MATED is a term which might be applied with propriety to the modern financial deals generally known as weddings. — *Ex.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

CARDS

NEW SAMPLE BOOK of Hidden Names, Silk Fringe, Gold, Silver and Tinted Edge Cards. The book now offered for 2 cent stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

SAMPLE CARDS. The Finest, Cheapest and Best. 834 CUTTY FREE, to all who will not cut any. Send stamp for postage. U. S. CARD COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Good morning
Paris Exposition,
1889.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction."

The England
Popular Broadcloths
Diagonal for
Worsteds Evening
and Dress
West of Suits.



To Order from \$30. SATIN LINED to Button Hole, if required.

Nicoll
The Tailor

Bowery 145 & 147, and 771 Broadway,
NEW YORK.



FACIAL BLEMISHES

The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfuous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
1195 West 49th Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

P. S. — Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scales for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 15 & 17 BREKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. } NEW YORK.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians.
Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION

THE difference between men and drinks is very simple. Men set up the drinks, and drinks upset the men. — *Harvard Lampoon*.

THE man who married a church choir singer says they met by chants. — *Merchant Traveler*.

The genuine Angostura Bitters cure indigestion and restore the appetite. Every druggist keeps them. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers.

50¢ PRINTING OUTFIT, ONLY 25¢

and 100 MAGIC MAT RACKS.
To get Agents and buyers we will, for 30 days only, send these two valuable articles postpaid on receipt of 25c. silver or stamp. 3 sets 50c. 4 sets \$1.00. THIS IS A WONDERFUL OFFER. Quits used for sewing machines, printing cards, making linen, books, envelopes, papers, etc.; contains 3 alphabetic neat type, type holder, foldable ink pad, two others, all in neat case with Directions, full Catalogue and terms. YOU can make MONEY at printing or selling outfit. Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free. Address: INGERSOLL & BRO., 45 Fulton St., N. Y. City



JOHN OSBONE, SON & Co.,

45 BEAVER STREET, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

PIPER-HEIDSIECK, Sec.

ALSO AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR

SCHROEDER & SCHYLER & Co.,
JOH. BAPT. STURM,
GREISWEILER & FILS,
BISQUIT, DUBOUCHE & Co.,
OSBORN & Co.,
Vda & Hijos de R. GUILLE CASSANES
FORRESTER & Co.,
MANUEL GAZTELU & VRIARTE,
GIROLAMO LUXARDO,
RIP VAN WINKLE,
WHITE ELK GIN,
GLEN ROSA,

Bordeaux
Rudesheim a/R.
Nuits
Cognac
Oporto
Barcelona & Tarragona
Xeres
Port St. Mary's
Zara
Schiedam

Clarets & Sauternes
Rhine and Moselle
Burgundies
Brands
Ports
Sherries
Maraschino
Gin
English Gin
Scotch Whiskey

OLIVE OIL, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES,
I. O. JAMAICA and ST. CROIX RUMS.

"Omnibus," "Antediluvian" and "Antemundane" Brands of Pure Rye Whiskies.

PROFANITY is purely a cussed-em with some men. — *Ex.*

CANDY

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

WARFARE has its romance; even the din of battle has a sort of an engagement ring. — *Jewelers' Weekly*.

PRICE \$12.00
PER CASE.



**USE
LILY D'OR**
AN EXQUISITE
PERFUME.

**PURE
FLORAL
ODOR.**

**DELICATE
LASTING.**

**GARDNER'S
LILY D'OR
NEW YORK**

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
AND
FANCY GOODS DEALERS.

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.
NEW YORK.
DISTRIBUTING AGENTS.

THE bank teller never should be intrusted with the secrets of his establishment.—*Boston Post.*

SHIPMAN'S FOUNTAIN PEN.
SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION.
PERFECT IN OPERATION.
NO SOILING THE FINGERS.
NO SHAKING—ALWAYS READY.
\$2.00 EACH.
ASA L. SHIPMAN'S SONS,
10 MURRAY ST., [Mention Puck.] NEW YORK.
STYLOGRAPHIC PENS, \$1.00 Each.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. 855*

Candy Free 1 Box Candy, 100 colored pictures, 1 pack NEW cards and agents' circulars, all for 6 cents by mail.
Holley Card Co., Meriden, Conn. 854

OUT FEBRUARY 15:
PUCK'S LIBRARY, NO. 32,
"JOB LOTS."

**Children
always
Enjoy It.**

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

**EDEN
MUSÉE**

55 W. 23d STREET. OPEN FROM 11 TO 11; SUNDAYS 1 TO 11.
WAX TABLEAUX.—ART GALLERY.—ERDELYI NACZI'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.
The Great Austro-Hungarian Divertisement of Dancing, Club Swinging, Fencing, Tableaux Vivants,
BY A SELECT COMPANY OF 16 BEAUTIFUL LADIES.—Admission, 50 Cts. Children, 25 Cts.

THE Prince of Wales, according to reports, always wears a satchel (*sic*) filled with frankincense next his skin as a preventive against infection, and attributes his freedom from influenza to its virtue.—*Syracuse Standard.*

It is somewhat strange that the governor of Iowa has two daughters, and both are Boies.—*St. Joseph News.*

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAF
OF
HARTSHORN
ON LABEL
AND GET
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN 767

THE HIGHEST AWARD OF A GOLD MEDAL
at the **PARIS EXPOSITION** was secured by the

**REMINGTON
STANDARD TYPEWRITER,**



which has been for **FIFTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD,**
and Embraces the Latest and Highest Achievements of Inventive Skill.
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOT THE LANGUAGE FOR HIM.
"Let us learn French, Goslin. What do you say?"
"Cawn't do it, Dolley; 'tis n't English, you know."—*Ex.*

WHEN you see a demand in the papers for cheaper school books, you may be sure that publishers are preparing an entirely new series.—*Texas Siftings.*

**GENUINE
YANKEE SOAP,**
Manufactured at
MANCHESTER, CONN.,
BY
WILLIAMS & BROTHERS
CHEMISTS AND APOTHECARIES.
To prevent counterfeits, their signature will be upon each cake.

Williams & Bros.

Exaggerated in **SIZE** to command your attention.
To exaggerate the delightful **QUALITIES** of this famous Shaving Soap would be impossible.
Rich as the richest cream—the lather softens every hair of the most harsh beard, making it cut smoothly and easily.
Shaving is **not** a nuisance when this Soap is used.
It becomes a positive **luxury**.
Soothing to the skin—it imparts a feeling of cleanliness and coolness to the face after shaving that is delightful.
It has stood the test for Half a Hundred Years.
It is not costly—a single cake will suffice for 300 shaves.
Twenty Shaves for a Cent—delightful, refreshing shaves too.

15c. For 15 Cents in Stamps we will mail a Full-size Cake for trial to any part of the world. If you shave—try it. Your druggist probably has it. Ask him for it. He can get it for you if he hasn't. Get a cake in some way—before you shave again. Mailed, postpaid, for 15 Cents, by

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.
(Established as Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1840.)



JOHANN LITH CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

THE RIVAL BRIGANDS.
FATHER KNICKERBOCKER. — Whichever wins, I'm lost!